Fanning The Flames

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Fanning The Flames

by Bordementions

Summary

Trainer does a physical on Dantsu

Notes

I um.... might be a little bit of a faggot for dantsu flame but like on the downlow downlow type shit real lowkey don't tell anyone

ANyways I think she should be super toned like all umas should and she should lift me up tee hee

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The click of your stopwatch cutting through the air was the only sound that broke Dantsu Flame's heavy, panting breath. She was bent over, hands on her knees, her rosy-brown ponytail askew and her chest heaving under that pink undershirt. A healthy, glistening sheen of sweat covered her, making the late-afternoon sun dance off her skin. Her ears, one adorned with its checkered ribbon, twitched slightly as she tried to pull in more air.

You clicked the timer off and smiled, marking off the notes on your clipboard. "Dantsu. That was great!"

She looked up, her round, amber eyes wide. "Ah...!" she panted. "R-Really, Trainer? I thought... I thought my form on the last turn was a little... wobbly..."

You let out a soft laugh, walking over to her as she finally straightened up, her tail giving a little weary flick. "Wobbly? Dantsu, you just shaved a full 1.5 seconds off your personal best for this distance. And your form," you said, holding up your clipboard to show her the comparison, "was perfect. See that? Your drive phase? You kept your head down right until the 50-meter mark. That's exactly what we've been working on."

Dantsu stared at the screen, then at you, a slow, dazzling smile spreading across her face. "Y-Yay...! I... I did it!" Her voice was light and airy with genuine happiness. "I was really focused, just like you said! I kept thinking about... about being the Leading Star!"

"And you looked like one," you said warmly. "You've been putting in so much extra work, and it is seriously paying off. I'm so proud of you." You leaned in, lowering your voice. "In fact, I was so sure you were going to crush it today... I got you a little something. A reward."

Her ears perked straight up. "A reward...? B-but... just doing the run is..."

You held up a hand, already reaching into your trainer's bag you'd left on the bench. "Ah-bup-bup. Hard work deserves recognition." You pulled out a small, neatly wrapped box, tied with a simple ribbon. "Here."

She took it from you, her hands slightly shaky from the exertion. "Trainer... you really didn't have to..." She delicately pulled the ribbon, her fingers fumbling just a bit, and lifted the lid. Her eyes went impossibly wide, and she let out a tiny, delighted gasp.

"Is... is this...!?" she whispered, lifting the contents. "This is the aged triple cream cheese from that specialty shop downtown!?"

"The very same," you grinned. "I saw you eyeing it the last time."

"Trainer...!" Before you could react, Dantsu lunged forward, wrapping you in a tight, breathless hug. "Thank you! Thank you so much! This is the best!"

You were momentarily stunned, your arms automatically coming up to return the embrace. Her strength, as always, caught you off guard. Her arms were wrapped around your back, and you could feel the solid, packed muscle of her shoulders and biceps. She was all lean power and warm, post-run skin. You gave her a firm squeeze back, letting your hands rest for just a second on the solid plane of her back before she pulled away, beaming and clutching her cheese like a trophy.

"Alright, alright," you chuckled, your own heart feeling a little lighter. "Come on. Let's get you cooled down and cleaned up. We're not quite done for the day, but the hard part's over."

"Oh! Yes, Trainer!" she chirped, her energy seemingly restored by the present of dairy.

The two of you fell into an easy pace, walking off the track and towards the main academy building that housed the locker rooms. Dantsu was chattering happily beside you, talking about how the cheese would be perfect with the crackers she had in her dorm, her tail swishing cheerfully behind her.

You listened, offering your own comments, but your gaze... well, it couldn't help but drift.

It was one of your favorite, and most distracting, professional hazards. Dantsu's race outfit, which she often wore for serious training, was... revealing. That pink undershirt was cropped high, leaving her entire midriff exposed.

And god, what a midriff.

You always forgot. Her voice was so soft, her personality so eager to please, that you'd forget the simple truth: Dantsu Flame was an engine. A high-performance, biological machine built for speed. And all her extra self-training had resulted in a body that was... toned.

As she walked, you could see the sharp, defined lines of her obliques, the subtle, deep-cut "V" where her abdomen disappeared into the low-slung waistband of her black joggers. There wasn't an ounce of softness there; it was all taut skin stretched over layers of dense, functional muscle. Even in the relaxed motion of walking, you could see the faint etchings of her abs, carved from thousands of in-place running drills.

Your eyes followed the pink stripes down her joggers, which hugged the powerful curve of her thighs and the defined swell of her calves. She was a powerhouse, pure and simple, wrapped in the sweetest, most unassuming packaging. It made your own stomach do a funny little flip.

"Trainer?"

Dantsu's voice snapped you back. She was looking at you with a curious head tilt. "Are you okay? You got quiet all of a sudden."

"Hm?" You blinked, forcing a professional smile. "Oh! Sorry, just... running through the data in my head. You really did fantastic." You motioned to the door of the locker room, pushing it open. "Alright, just one last thing on the agenda for today and then you can go attack that cheese."

She followed you inside, her sneakers squeaking on the tile. "More training?" she asked, still sounding eager.

"Haha, no. Your muscles have done enough for one day," you said, leading her past the rows of lockers towards one of the sides with the check up equipment. "Just a quick physical check. Want to make sure all that hard work isn't straining anything."

"Oh, of course!" Dantsu said brightly, not a hint of hesitation in her. "Whatever you need, Trainer! Lead the way!"

You went to look over the available stuff there and Dantsu bounced in ahead of you, still clutching her box of cheese, and set it reverently on the small counter.

"Alright, Dantsu, let's get the boring numbers out of the way first," you said, gesturing to the medical-grade scale in the corner of the main locker room. "Hop on for me. Sneakers and all is fine, we'll just be consistent."

"Okay!" she chirped. She stepped onto the metal plate, and the digital

display flickered and settled.

You jotted the number down on your paper. "Perfect. Your weight is holding steady, which is exactly what we want. It means all that hard work is converting to lean muscle."

"Oh, yay!" she beamed, as if you'd just told her she'd won a race.

"Now for height. Against the wall, please," you said, pointing to the spot with the measuring lines. Dantsu dutifully stood back, her heels clicking against the baseboard, standing straight and tall. You grabbed the attached measuring arm, but it jammed with a protesting screech of metal halfway down. You jiggled it. "Ugh, this stupid thing. Maintenance was supposed to fix this last week."

You sighed, then glanced at one of the heavy wooden benches by the lockers. "Okay, new plan. Don't move." You dragged the bench over, your own sneakers squeaking on the tile. "This is going to be a little old-fashioned."

"Oh! Are you sure, Trainer?" Dantsu asked, her ears flicking in mild concern as you stepped up onto the bench, which put you at a slightly awkward, elevated angle to her.

"Positive," you said, trying to sound breezy. It did, however, put your face almost level with the top of her head. You could see the way her rosy-brown hair was pulled into its ponytail, the two little strands sticking straight up. "Okay, hold still..."

You grabbed your tablet, holding it flat on her head like a straight edge, and marked the spot on the wall with your other hand. "And... done. Perfect." You stepped down, trying to ignore the sudden proximity. "Right where you should be."

"Now for the fun part," you said, leading her back to the other rooml. The sound of the main locker room faded, leaving just the quiet hum of the room's ventilation. "Let's check those muscles. We'll start with your arms."

"Okay!" Dantsu stood in the middle of the room, vibrating with that happy, cooperative energy. "What should I... just... do this?" She held one arm out, a little stiffly, like a soldier.

You couldn't help a soft laugh. "Close. Just relax it first, let it hang by your side."

You stepped in front of her, and the small room suddenly felt much, much smaller. You took her left arm, your hand instinctively closing around her bicep.

And... oh.

You froze, just for a second. It was the contrast again. Her skin was warm and soft, but the muscle underneath... It was like grabbing a branch. You always forgot. You saw her sweet, slightly shy smile, heard her talk about cheese of all things, and your mind just... glossed over the fact that she was this huge.

"Alright," you said, your voice coming out mostly steady. "Flex for me. Like you're showing off."

"Okay!" A cute pink blush touched her cheeks, but she did as she was told. "Like this?"

The muscle leapt under your palm. It wasn't the bulky, swollen look of a bodybuilder, but a dense, powerful swell that felt unbelievably solid. Your fingers, which weren't that far apart before, were now splayed wide over the hard peak of her bicep. You gave it a firm, professional squeeze. It was like pressing on cured leather stretched over rock.

"That's... perfect," you murmured, your thumb smoothing over the defined line. "Really, really solid. No tenderness? No pulling anywhere when you ran?"

"Nope! I feel great!" she chirped, completely oblivious to the fact that your pulse had just kicked up. "Your new stretching routine really helps with my shoulders, Trainer! I don't feel tight at all!"

"That's... good. That's great to hear." Your hand, acting on its own instinct, slid up from her bicep to the cap of her shoulder. You palpated the deltoid, your fingers pressing into the dense, packed muscle. "Other side."

You moved to her right arm, repeating the process. Relax, then flex. Your thumb traced the sharp cut between her deltoid and tricep, and you felt... small. Your hand, which you'd always thought of as capable, felt delicate and pale against the sheer, condensed power of her arm.

And she was just... chatting.

"...so I was wondering if goat cheese is okay for my diet plan?"

You made a noncommittal "hmm" sound, barely listening. You were too focused on the feeling of her. Your hands were smoothing over muscle, learning the shape of her, the sheer power she kept hidden under that sweet smile. It was distracting. It was incredibly distracting.

"Okay," you said, clearing your throat. The air felt warm. "That all feels... really strong. Phenomenal, even. Can you turn around for me? I just need to check your lats and traps, make sure nothing's locked up."

"Oh, of course!" Dantsu pivoted immediately, presenting her back to you.

And... there it was again. Her race outfit was stretched taut. The pink top cut off high, the fabric being not thick enough to leave anything up to your imagination, the entire expanse of her upper back clear to see.

You swallowed. "Alright, just... relax your shoulders. Let them drop."

Taking a breath, you placed both your hands flat on her upper back, your thumbs resting just beside her spine, your fingers spread wide over her shoulder blades.

She was a wall.

A living, breathing, warm wall. You could feel the individual ridges of her trapezius muscles under your palms, the wide, powerful flare of her lats tapering down to her waist. Even relaxed, there was zero give. It was just... solid.

"So, about the cheese..." she chirped, her voice bright and happy. "Do you think it's okay if I eat it all tonight? Or should I save some? I heard if you save it, it gets... sharper? But I really want to try it..."

Her voice was so sweet. She was asking for permission to eat her cheese.

And you were standing there with your hands plastered to a back that felt like it belonged on a Grecian statue.

"Just..." you said, your voice a little strained. "Squeeze your shoulder blades together for me. Squeeze back."

Dantsu did as she was told.

Under your hands, the muscles bunched and shifted. It was like tectonic plates moving, a complex, powerful ripple of sheer strength. Your breath hitched in your chest.

You could feel the heat rising in your own face, a flush creeping up your neck and into your ears. Gods, you were blushing. She couldn't see, thank goodness, but you felt transparent.

"Good... good," you managed. "And... relax."

She relaxed, but your hands didn't move. They should have moved. You should have been pulling back, grabbing your clipboard, jotting down notes. But you just... let them rest there for one second too long. Your fingers, almost unconsciously, smoothed over the warm, firm planes of her back. The skin was so impossibly soft over the iron-hard muscle beneath.

"Trainer?" Dantsu's voice pulled you out of it. She tried to crane her neck to look back at you, her ears angled in concern. "Is everything okay? Did you find something?"

You snatched your hands back like you'd been burned. "No!" you said, a little too quickly. You turned away, grabbing your clipboard and pretending to be intensely interested in the paper, desperate to hide your burning face. "No, not at all, Dantsu. Everything is... perfect. More than perfect. You're... solid as a rock. It's... exactly what we want to see."

“Okay! I just thought that you–”

"Right!" you chirped, your voice about an octave higher than usual as you suddenly cut her off. "Back... back is perfect. Excellent. A-plus. So! Legs! We should... we need to check your legs."

"Oh, of course, Trainer." Dantsu said, turning back around to face you, her expression though slightly puzzled at your demeanor. "My legs feel super strong today! I felt like I was really whooshing!"

You managed a tight smile. "Whooshing is good. We like whooshing." To check her legs properly, you had to crouch. You knelt on one knee, bringing your face uncomfortably close to her. "Okay, Dantsu, just... lift your left knee, like you're marching. I'm going to give a little resistance."

You placed your hands on her thigh. Even through the black fabric of her joggers, the muscle was... immense. It wasn't just toned; it was a

dense, powerful column. She lifted her leg, and you felt the quadriceps bunch and lock under your palms, pushing against your resistance with effortless, smooth power.

"Good... wow... okay, good," you stammered. "And... back down. Now... the other one."

You shifted, repeating the motion on her right leg. She was just... unreal. A perfectly constructed machine of speed and power, and she was babbling happily while you were having a minor internal meltdown.

"Mmm I think I've decided," she chatted, her voice bright and airy from above you, "I think I'll just have a little piece tonight. And then tomorrow, I'll share some with Pokke! She really likes cheese, too. Do you think she'd like this kind? Maybe I should save it... Oh, but what if..."

"It's... it's your cheese, Dantsu," you managed, your voice a little strained as you pressed your fingers into the firm curve of her calf muscle. "You... you can eat it however you want."

You gave her calf a final, 'professional' squeeze—it felt like squeezing a sculpted piece of oak—and then stood up, brushing your hands on your own pants. The room felt... very warm.

"Okay. Just... just one last thing. The... the core. Your abdomen. Have to make sure all those... drills... are engaging properly."

You stalled, looking away. But you couldn't avoid it. You had to move back in, and this... this was the part you were dreading. And, if you were honest, the part you were... anticipating.

You were, as a rule, shorter than her. Not by a huge amount, but by enough that when you stepped in close, your eye level was... precisely level with her bare midriff.

You took a small, hesitant step forward. And there it was.

Her pink undershirt was still slightly damp with sweat, clinging just a bit at the bottom. Her skin was flushed and warm from the run. And her abdomen... it was... art. The lines of her obliques were sharp, graceful, and etched with a definition that was almost intimidating. The faint, vertical line marking her rectus abdominis was clear.

You swallowed, your throat suddenly bone-dry.

"Trainer?" she asked, her voice soft. "Are you... looking for something...?"

"N-no!" you squeaked, then cleared your throat. "I mean, yes. I... I need to palpate. To check. For... tightness. Um."

Gods, you were an idiot.

"Just... just relax for me, Dantsu," you whispered.

Her eyes were on you, curious. She nodded.

You slowly, slowly, lifted your hands. They felt clumsy, and you were sure she could see them trembling. You placed them, palms flat, on her stomach.

The heat hit you first. She was radiating warmth. And the second thing... there was no give. None. It was like placing your hands on warm, rippling marble. Her skin was soft, still slick with that light sheen of sweat, but the muscle beneath was so… gahh.

"This is..." you murmured, your brain short-circuiting. You were supposed to be talking. "This... all feels... r-really good. Your... your workouts... they're... they're definitely... w-working..."

Your fingers, of their own volition, pressed a little deeper, tracing the cut of her obliques. You felt a tiny, involuntary twitch under your left palm, and your hands just... clutched. Just for a half-second, your fingers tightened, gripping the solid, sculpted muscle.

Dantsu let out a tiny, surprised huff of air.

You froze, your face exploding into a crimson flush. You tried to pull your hands back, horrified. "Oh... I Dantsu, I'm... I'm so sor—"

"It's... okay!" she chirped, her voice suddenly a little breathy.

You looked up, finally, from her stomach to her face. She was blushing, too. A delicate pink dusted her cheeks, but she wasn't looking angry. She was... embarrassed. And... pleased?

"Trainer," she said, her voice dropping to a shy, soft murmur. "It's... it's okay. I don't... I don't mind."

You stared at her, your hands still hovering, tingling, just inches from her skin.

"It's... part of the check-up, right?" she said, offering you a small smile. "S-so... if you need to... you can be... firmer. To check the muscles. It's... it's fine."

Your breath was caught in your chest. "Dantsu... are... are you sure?"

She nodded, a little more confidently this time, her ears giving a happy little flick. "Yes! I... I work really hard on them. It... it makes me happy that... that you... noticed."

Slowly, hesitantly, you brought your hands back, resting them flat on her stomach again. Her skin was so warm. You let your thumbs rest just at the 'V' of her hips, your fingers spread wide over the expanse of her abs.

"They're... they're just... really solid," you whispered, as if that explained it.

A tiny, delighted giggle vibrated from her chest, and you felt it directly under your palms. "Hehe... really?"

"Really," you breathed.

And then, she looked down at your hands, her expression focused and impossibly cute. "Like... this?"

With a small, quiet intake of breath, Dantsu flexed.

The effect was instantaneous and shocking.

The muscles seized under your hands. The defined, athletic lines suddenly became sharp, carved ridges. The six-pack, which had been subtle, popped into a startlingly clear, hard relief. The obliques bunched into tight, corded steel. It was... incredible. It felt like you had your hands on a living suit of armor.

A small, choked sound escaped your throat. You couldn't speak. Your fingers instinctively traced the new, hard edges, your touch no longer professional, just... awestruck.

Dantsu was beaming, her face flushed with pride. "Is... is that good, Trainer? Is that strong? Is that... 'Leading Star' muscle?"

You finally looked up, meeting her bright, shining amber eyes. You were still touching her, your hands still pressed firmly against her rock-hard core.

"Dantsu," you said, your voice just a breathless rasp. "That's... that's amazing."

Dantsu's proud, beaming face was flushed with a happiness that went beyond just post-run endorphins. "Ehehe… Thank you" she said, her voice breathy, her abs still locked in that breathtaking, solid flex under your hands.

You couldn't find your voice. You just nodded, your eyes wide, your own face burning. Your hands were... trembling. You'd forgotten they were even there, forgotten your job, forgotten everything except the feeling of warmth under your palms.

"Oh!" Dantsu's bright, concerned voice snapped you out of it. She relaxed her stomach—and your hands, which had been pressed against a wall, suddenly sank a half-inch into a different kind of firmness, softer but no less solid. "Trainer, your hands are shaking! Are you cold? I... I'm still sweaty, I'm sorry if it's..."

"No!" you gasped, finally snatching your hands back, your entire body buzzing. "N-no, I'm... I'm not cold, I just... Dantsu, that's... I... that was... unprofessional. I'm sorry, I just..."

"No...!" she said, her voice full of a sudden, surprising urgency. Before you could turn away and hide your mortified, crimson face, she reached out. Her own hands, warm and calloused from training, gently closed around your wrists. Her grip was firm. "Please... don't be sorry, Trainer."

You looked up at her, stunned into silence.

"I... I liked it," she whispered, her own blush deepening, but her amber eyes were shining with a bright, determined light. "You... you looked... really happy. And... and I... I like being strong… for you… haha.."

Slowly, gently, she guided your hands, pulling them back from your sides, back towards her. You let her, dazed. She placed them, one by one, back onto her bare midriff.

"It's... it's okay," she murmured, her voice becoming soft and instructive. "You're... you're checking my muscles, right? So... you should... check them properly."

Her hands covered yours, pressing your palms deeper into her stomach. "See?" she said, her voice a giddy, conspiratorial whisper. "Right here... by my side... these are the... the o-blee-ques, right?

That's what you called them. You can... you can press harder, Trainer. It... it doesn't hurt. It feels... good."

You were lost. Your breath was coming in short, shallow pants. "Dantsu..." you breathed. "It's... so warm... it's so... solid..."

Your hands, now with her silent blessing, stopped being hesitant. They began to explore. Your fingers splayed wide, your palms fitting themselves to the sculpted planes. You gripped her sides, your thumbs tracing the hard ridges of her abs. She let out a tiny, happy sigh, her own hands coming to rest on your shoulders, as if to steady herself... or to keep you there.

"It's... it's all your training," you stammered, trying to justify the fact that you were now shamelessly groping your racer. "The... the new core routine... it's... it's..."

"It's working?" she finished for you, her voice full of pride.

"It's... perfect," you panted. You were leaning in now, your face unconsciously drawing closer, as if proximity would let you understand how she felt so incredible. You were so close you could smell her. Not just sweat, but... a clean, warm, vital scent. Like sunshine.

"Trainer...?" she asked, her voice a little, breathless oh. Your nose was almost brushing her skin.

You were so close. Just an inch more...

Dantsu giggled. It was a low, breathy sound that vibrated from her chest and straight through her abs into your hands. "Hehe... you... you're so close, Trainer..."

And then, with a gentle, guiding pressure on your shoulders, she pressed you forward that last, tiny inch.

Your face was, all at once, pressed against her abdomen. It was overwhelming. It was the feeling of solid, flexed muscle (she'd tensed again, instinctively) against your cheek. It was the warmth of her skin. It was the slight, salty dampness. It was the smell of her, filling your lungs. It was... heaven.

A choked, helpless sound escaped you. Dantsu let out a sharp, giddy intake of breath.

"Oh! T-Trainer...!" she squeaked, her hands clutching your shoulders.

You couldn't help it. You were too far gone. On pure, unadulterated, adoring instinct, you pressed a light, fluttery kiss right against the solid wall of her stomach.

Dantsu shrieked—a tiny, delighted, thrilled sound. "Hehe! Ah! T-Trainer, that... that tickles! What... what are you..."

You did it again. A small nuzzle, your lips pressing against the hard ridge of muscle. "So... strong..." you mumbled, your voice muffled against her skin.

"Hehe... ah...!" Dantsu was trembling under your touch, not from exertion, but from pure, giddy joy. This was it. This was being seen. This was being the 'Leading Star.'

"Trainer...!" she said, her voice suddenly full of a triumphant, happy laugh.

Her hands tightened on your shoulders, and she gently but firmly pulled you back, just enough so she could see your face. You looked up, dazed, your lips slightly parted, your face flushed and your eyes hazy.

Dantsu was beaming. Her face was bright red, her amber eyes were sparkling, and she looked... so incredibly happy.

"You're... you're so... cute, Trainer!" she cheered.

And before you could even process the words, that umamusume strength, which you had just been worshipping, kicked in.

In one smooth, shocking, and utterly effortless motion, her hands slid from your shoulders to your waist, and she lifted.

"Dantsu—!?" you yelped, a startled laugh bubbling in your throat.

The floor was gone. You were airborne. Your instincts screamed, and you immediately wrapped your arms around her strong, solid shoulders, your legs finding their way around her hips to secure yourself.

And just like that, you were being held. Chest to chest, your face now level with hers. She held you as if you weighed nothing.

"See?" she panted, her triumphant, happy grin so close to yours. "I... I

told you! I'm... I'm really, really strong!"

You were speechless, clutching her, your heart hammering against hers. You could still feel the warmth of her, the solid strength of the arms and back that were holding you so easily. "You... you... you really are," you breathed, awestruck.

Dantsu's smile softened, her eyes flickering from your eyes, down to your lips, and back up again. That usual shyness was there, but it was overshadowed by this new, bright confidence.

"...Trainer," she whispered, her voice suddenly serious, though her face was still flushed with joy. "You... you see me. You don't... you don't think I'm… forgettable… do you?"

You shook your head, your hands tightening in her hair. "Never," you whispered back. "Dantsu, you're... you're a star."

"Ehehe," she breathed.

And then, holding you effortlessly in her arms, Dantsu Flame closed the final distance and kissed you. It was clumsy, and happy, and it was the most perfect thing in the world. You kissed her back, melting into her.

Your racer.

Your star.

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